THE HUMORS OF THE HOUR.

SOME OF THE AMUSING AND CHEERFUL REFLECTIONS OF OUR PORTS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

on Seen in a Ride Around Town-The German Barber Complaint-A Christman Frement that is Making Lots of Trouble. The Poet was bulging with the divine Matus and Christmas turkey when he got down from his metropolitan Pegasus the other day and took a sub-serial flight on the Third avigue elevated road. He was in such a kindly mood that he felt that he might even forgive the unphilological brakeman who calls all atops above Houston street station "steenth street." It was to work off the superfluous slody of his spirit that the Poet boarded a train at the 125th street station. He got in he first car. attracted thither by the young and gentle-looking conductor. He settled himself in a cross seat, with his back to the engine, and prepared to look into the front windows of the plebeian world along the routs. The Poet prefers this way of riding, as it harmonizes with his habit of retrospection, to which all well-regulated poets are addicted. The Poet became conafter a while offthe presence of a pretty k-eyed girl near the conductor's pla He found out in less time than it would take in to strike a chord on his lyre or a match on his trousers that she was the conductor's girl. They were compelled, so the Poet divined to thus publicly do their sparking, because the conductor was engaged at night in the recuerative occupation of sleeping. The girl was widently used to this kind of courtship. The net remarked that it had its advantages. For ance, whenever there was an embarrassing pause in the conversation the conductor could call out a station and take a walk through the train. The public expects this of all conscien-tions conductors. While the unsuspecting roung man was breathing soft nothings to his roung man was breathing sort nothings to me black-eyed sweetheart, who sat in a corner seat shielded from the view of curious passengers by her lover's form, the Poet mused:

I made believe I did not see, As neath the chin he chucked her. Though, doubtless, he cared not for me, This happy young conductor.

May be in lave's felicity He a divine conductor

While the hanny pair went on with their woo ing the post gazed into the street, or. rather, into the uncurtained windows facing the street. He caught glimpees of Christmas trees street. He caught glimpses of Christmas trees in many houses. He was just about to improvise a metrical setting for his thoughts on the little fir tree, when he was diverted by the vision of a young man, probably her husband, sat a few test away, looking at her with an expression of mingled love and admiration. The poet's heart was touched. He wove in or hythm what he thought ought to be the thoughts of the youthful father:

By little wife cits in her willow chair, While I a gentle vigil keep: The is softly singing an old-world air.

As I list to the ancient lullaby. dream 'tis my mother I dimiy see Becking her baby boy to sieep.

And I fancy I hear the song divine Op from the vanished cycles sweep, horseed by myriad mothers languyne, Rocking their little babes to sleep.

At the Fourteenth street station a young man who looked something like Mr. Thomas A. Edison got aboard the Poet's car. He put his handkerchief to his left eye just after sitting down. He had caught a cinder on entering the car. The Poet thought he heard the young man swar in an undertone at this particular inder and cinders generally and wonder why nievated engines were not cinder consumers. The young man got out at Grand street, and the Foet celebrated him thus:

A young inventor sought to view The city from the clovated. And he became much agitated.

He sware no other hapless wight-This kindly and in reni Should ever feel the cinder blight. And so devised a cinderella.

As the train glided along the sinucuities of Pearl street, the poet caught several near glimpses of the East River, and the craft lying in the slips thereof. This inspired him to per-petrate this quatrain:

"There's many a slip 'twixt one and lip."
The true. O ancient proverb giver:
But there is many another slip
'Twixt Whitehall street and Harlem River.

The Post descended to earth at South Ferry and get aboard a little steamer just south of the Barge Office. He had been told that this would take him to Governor's Island, and, being a soed Democrat, he wanted to go over and

The Barber Finds that Every One in New York is for Mimself.

"I got me no dime to make by der newsbapers some more monkey business alretty." said the German Barber in one of his disobliging moods. "I am like der vooman vich gom-mitted suicide vhen she vos told she dalked by her sleeb. She sayt she had too high an obinion of her jaw to vaste any of it when some-body else vosa't around. I am making too goot a living by everybody else's chin not to dink brotfy vell of my own."

"You ding I vill gif avay—dot's abowd keeb-ing on Sunday der libraries and museums open all der vhile. A whole lot of gilt-edged old all der vhile. A whole lot of gilt-edged old stick-by-der-muds go home und ask their vites und diags on Sundaya? Of course dem say. No. we gut sex days by der veek for dot. So dot settles it. A million und a half of beeples got to go midout such a big dinas like dot choost pegmas a few slows and glerchymen. millionaires, old vimmen und dings can't believe there is a set with the sex of the sex did not be set in the sex of the

MER, DEOGENES HAS HER SAY. The Passity Has a Few Experiences in a

Modern Improvement Monse. Mr. Diogenes abandoned his long and memorable residence in a flat last month to take a new habitation in the whole of a new house with all modern improvements in Brooklyn. That sounds nice and fashionable, and heaps of Mr. Diogenes's New York friends have been bubbling over with keen anxiety to congratulate us on the prospect of an enurged enjoyment of life that a new house

to defer their congratulations, and hereby to give a too confiding public timely warning that

rive a too confiding public timely warning that life in a new house isn't what the poetic imagination of the enterprising real estate areast gioriously pictures it.

With a flood of language that is so bot that it would melt the type to print it. Mr. Diogeness ascerts that getting stuck fast in the clutches of a remoracides hack driver in the big bittrard wasn't a marker lo existence in that new house the first fortnight.

It reminded him he said of the confiding mans who hired a suite of rooms in a hotel, unlear the landors's assurance that the rooms had all the modern improvements. He came down stairs in the middle of the night with fragments of the ceiling strewn all over him. "Onfound it, sir," he roared at the inakesper, "you asid that those rooms had all the modern improvements. And, blast it, sir, here the ceiling has just failen on me."

"Hy dear sir," snavely replied the landlord, with a pitying giance. "you are apparently away behind the times. Collims that come down, sir, are the very latest of modern improvements."

That was macher of Mr. Diogenes's attempts.

down, sir, are the very latest of mouern improvements."

That was manher of Mr. Diegenes's attempts at satire, i declared that it was what I had head railed a "chestaut," but its application was reade beinfully apparent when a gaming section of the wall plaster fell out in the new hopis that had all the modern improvements, when the dresser bushed against it as we were moring it tenderly up stairs.

The part night a regardly longing of the foor bell gave me warning that its. Diegeness.

had got home from the lodge. I went down to let him in, but couldn't open the front door. He came in by the basement war, with the handle of the latch key in his hand. The rest was buried in the lock. When the locksomit came next day he used bad language in reference to a painter who had daubed fresh paint along the edge of the door over the bolt of the lock, so that it stuck fast when I locked the door at night before Mr. Diogenes went to the loige.

along the edge of the door over the boit of the lock, so that it stuck fast when I locked the door at night before Mr. Diogenes went to the lodge.

The day after that the carpenter arrived in response to Mr. Diogenes's hurried summons. He also poured out a stream of unpleasant epithets on the head of the painter because the pailor windows were stuck fast with paint that had run down into the sill grooves.

By this time Mr. Diogenes was getting to be such a mighty pleasant person to have around the house that I thought I'd get my mother to call and see what a sweet-tempered being her eon-in-law was.

It was on this occasion that the kitchen range and boiler were inspired to demonstrate what a mighty mystery modern sanitary plumbing is. We couldn't get any hot water out of the boiler. The plumber came and looked at the boiler, and calmiy said it was the range. The range man came and said the fault lay in the water-back, which was the plumber's work. The plumber came again, and said that everything was all right, except that we were burning stove coal in the range instead of range fuel. The man came with the range coal, and the boy who delivered it came up from the cellar and said that our wood supply was affoat in the cellar. Then the plumber's assistant went in swimming with a stepladed, anchored the ladder, and climbed up and looked closely at a stream of water that was pouring out of the water pipe.

"Why, it leaks," he said pleasantly, "that's what's the matter," and swam out again.

My mother went back home disgusted and Mr. Diogenes said in that nasty contemptible style that some men who think they're funny affect, that we might have struck worse misfortunes than a leak in a pipe.

Two mornings later we went down to the breakfast table in the before and the door was stuck so fast in the morning that he couldn't budge it without danger of bursting in the panels.

Toors will warp in a new house, you know," the carpenter said cheerily as he planed off the top and the side of the door.

Mr. Diogenes ground his

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS GROWL.

Me Goes Shopping and has Tremendo ventures-His Gifts do Not Match the Consins and Aunts to Whom They Were Sent, and he is Very, Very Tired of Life

"Thanks be to goodness the infernal humbug called Christmas is over once more!" ex-claimed the irate young bachelor as he tore off his coat, snatched off his cuffs, rolled his sleeves up to his shoulders, jabbed his pen in the ink bottle, and gave a lugubrious twitch to his moustache the morning after the great festival. "What's the matter with Christmas, old fel-

"Fverything's the matter with it. It's getting to be about the stalest and wormlest chestnut on the tree," and he gave the office cat that came purring up to rub her sleek sides against his leg a lift that sent her careering to the other side of the room. "What's a fellow like me, for instance, to know about buying Christmas presents for a lot of old tabbles of aunts and twice as many sweet girl cousins whom he doesn't see once in six months. Here I go on duty at noon, work until 12.1, and 2 o'clock at night, and sleep most of the morning. How the dickens am I going to know about the knick-knacks and cantraptions a woman likes to lug round with her and litter up her rooms with."

"Last year I got my married sister to go

In the the district some already the two about the historic transits and centreprisons a woman like with.

"Last year I got my married sider to go bright with the admitted become the delivers of the control of the co

better, I thought. I went up in that elevator, and whenly got out I picked out the best-looking girl in the place and steered for her counter. He was a rustler, with a smile that knocked you clean out first charge, and a lot of kinky hair twisted up on a silver pin. I got up my courage and told her what I was looking for. I've just the thing for you, she said. I'know any lady would be delighted with them, and bofore I could speak she had seventeen pairs of sailn corsets spread out on that counter, all fixed with lace and ribbons, and in all the colors you ever heard of. I beat a hasty retreat, and brought up at a counter where a dove-seed girl with a blonde bang asked if there was something she could show me with such a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and pretty iremble about her red lips that I told her all a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and pretty iremble about her red lips that I told her all a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and pretty iremble about her red lips that I told her all a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and pretty iremble about her red lips that I told her all a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and pretty iremble about her red lips that I told her all a symoathetic gleam in her eyes, and yet in the sure any leafy would like a suit of our best hand-made—'I' didn't wait for her to finish, but made a bolt for the urilest-looking old girl on the floor. Homely is no name for it. She would stop the Corilsa engine if she just looked in on the works, and she insisted that her new Worth bustle was just the thing for a lady, that ladies didn't feel like burning them, they were so expensive, &c. &c.; but I didn't wait to hear any fanore. I climbed into that elevator with more precipitation than grace, and, as I was the only passenger. I tipped the bor a silver smile that cost me 100 cents, showed him the list of things the boarding-house people had told me about, and asked him where to find em. He helped me first class, and I bought two or three of a kind, all but the lace hand-kerchief, that was to he contin

A Find and Lovine Washand's Com of Wi-

The spectacle of a well-dressed, dignified man careening down Broadway in the middle of the street in hot pursuit of a horse car from which he had just alighted astonished the early promenaders of the great thoroughfare the morning after Christmas. He succeeded in boarding the car after a run of two blocks, and still further astonished the passengers by of-fering the conductor five dollars in exchange for one silver dollar with which he had paid his fare. Search was instituted for the dollar. which had already been given out in change. and it was finally discovered in the bottom of a shabby little purse, hidden in the depths of a dilapidated satchel belonging to a dishevelled little woman with a baby in her arms in the

Merore county, across the Lehkish River from the stairs. The stars and draws amment.

Where we was beating the busines for partrights and as he was formed to the state of the

and at 8% we took the train for Chleage. You held my hand all the way to the depot.

Mrs. Bowser, are you grany? Do you want to make out that I was a born idlot?

Well, here is the proof:

"Statement II.—'As we got into the hack Mr. Bowser had tears in his eyes. He took my hand and called me his angel, and I had to wipe my nose left handed all the way to the depot. I think the driver saw him, for I heard him chuckling and saying something about you'd get over it in about a year!

"There it is. Mr. Bowser, in black and white. This is the paw you held for two miles!"

I dony it in toto, Mrs. Bowser. I've got to sit down and have a sharp talk with you.

"The other night," I continued. "you were about to put your arm around me as we stoed in the hall, but on second thought you concluded not to."

"I am no hand to spoon, Mrs. Bowser—perer was. Such things look silly in old married people."

"But you hugged me for 280 miles."

"I am no hand to spoon, Mrs. Bowser—never was. Such things look silly in old married people."
"But you hugged me for 280 miles."
"What!"
"From Detroit to Chicago, Mr. Bowser, on that same bridal tour."
"Iou must be cruzy."
"Well, here's the proof;
"Statement III.—'Left Detroit at 8:40. Mr. Bowser put his arm around me at once, and, though the passengers winked and guyed us for a bridal couple, he said he didn't care a copper. Hugged me all the way to Chicago. Said he wished the ride would last a year, Said that beaven had sent me to him. I write this in Room 44. Tremont House, while Mr. Bowser is down to look after the trunk."
"That—that's there, is it?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"That—that's there, is it?" gasped Mr. Bowser.
"Of course, it is!"
"And I had my arm around you all day, giving myself dead away?"
"You did."
"I will never believe it—never. I own up to
being a little soft in my bachelor days, but I
was no hayseed. You are drifting to a dangerous point. Mrs. Bowser, and you should pause
ere it is too late!"
"I like to go over the old times once in a

was no harseed. You are drifting to a dangerous point. Mrs. Bowser, and you should pause
ere it is too late!"

"I like to go over the old times once in a
while and see how you have changed."

"Changed! Changed! That's it! If a husband isn't making a fool of himself all the time
his wife argues that he is growing cold and
dissatisfied. How have I changed?

"You never call me your Birdle any more."

"O! I don't! I suppose you've got proof that
I used to call you Birdle, when your front name
is Barah!"

"I have, sir! Listen while I read:

"Statement IV.—Mr. Bowser bought some
gundrops of the train boy to feed his Birdle,
as he said, but I never liked them. He called
me Birdle from that to Chicago and back, said
it meant more to him than the name Angel!"

"Mra. Bowser!" he shouted, as he jumped up,
"is my presence desired in this house?"

"Of course it is."

"Then do not plan to drive me out of it! I
see now how wives have driven husbands to
desperation."

"Bit down. Mr. Bowser. We are simply living over old times for a brief while. I had to
tease you to kiss me the other-night."

"Yes, and I suppose you've got something
written down about that, haven't you? I'm of
as loving a disposicion as the next man, but
how it does look to see a married couple billing
and cooing like a couple of young idlots."

"And yet you once longed to kiss me forever."

ever."
"I never never did! Don't drive me to the wall. Mrs. Bowser!"
"I won't. but I want to read a paragraph to you. Here it is:
"Statement V.—'Third day of our tour. I am very, very happy. Mr. Bowser has just kissed me on the chin. cheeks, nose, eyes, and ears, and says he'd like to keep on kissing forever. He says he can hardly help biting me on the chin."

and says he'd like to keep on kissing forever. He says he can hardly help biting me on the chin."

It was a minute before he could speak, and the bald spot on his head was as red as paint. He finally choked down his feelings sufficiently to shout:

"I brand that as pure malice and forgery! Mra. Bowser, you must take that back and apologize to me!"

"How can I? I read it just as it was written, and I can recall the circumstance. Don't you know, we had just returned from —?"

"Never! We never returned! Nothing of the sort ever happened! I'd deny it on my dying bed!"

"You'll next declare that you cried in Indianapolls when I hurt my finger, and that you bound it up with a handkerchief wet with your tears."

"Declare! Of course I'll declare. I'll swear on forty Bibles that I never did!"

With that he rushed up stairs, but I followed him to the landing and read:

"Statement VI.—'Accidentally pinched my finger in the door. Mr. Bowser said it was his fault, and the first I knew he was weeping. After wining his eyes on his handkerchief he proceeded to do up my finger in the same. He has a tonder heart."

"I knew Mr. Bowser was listening over the banister, and so maliclously added:

"—'And, with a little practice, will no doubt become the champion weepist of the world."'

He uttered a snort and a grow! and went off to bed without a word, but next morning he put in an extra ten minutes froilecting with the baby, and when ready to go he said to me:

"By the way, dar!, you'd better go down and pick you out a sealskin sack to-day. I was going to get it for Christmas, but you might as well have the wear of it now."

From the Jenceller? Weekly.

Senior Partner (to office boy)—What makes the cashier so late this morning?

"He's taken sail the cash and gone to Montreal sir."

"He's taken sail the cash and gone to Montreal sir."

"He's taken sail the cash and gone to Montreal sir."

"Well, where's my partner?"

"Goue to Burope with all the gold watches, sir."

"Good beavers!" Well, see here! as long as all the rest have gone. I'll take the diamonds and visit South America; and by the way, you can take that baskt there, fill it with nickel watches and cross over to Jersey."

An Unsuccessful Seance.

Superstitious Young Man (to clairvoyant)-Can you reveal the dark secrets of the future ?

Clairvoyant—With the aid of my powerful heroscope I can for fifty cents; but I must go into a trance first.

Young Man—All right; here's your fifty cents, and you can get into your trance as soon as you like. I only want to ask you one question. (Clairveyant is a trance) Do Sullivan and Kilrain ever mean to fight?

Clairveyant (arousing from the trance)—Here's your fifty cents, young man; you must ask me something caster.

A Bracer. Lady (to applicant for cook's place)-Do you

ever drink anything, Bridget?

Bridget-Wance in a wholle, mum: a glass o' warrum gin with a bit of limmin an' two lumps o' sugar, if ye plane, as' thank ye kindly, mum.

HOW A WILDCAT FIGHTS.

An Unarmed Hunter's Experience with a Twenty-eight-Pounder, SCRANTON, Dec. 29.—Christopher Water-

man had a lively tussle with a wildcat near Choke Creek, in Lehigh township, last Saturday. Waterman lives in Tobyhanna township, Monroe county, across the Lehigh River from where he was beating the bushes for partridges where he was beating the bushes for partridges with his pointer dog Major. He had bagged half a dozen plump birds that forenoon and was resting himself on a log near the creek, when he was startled by the howling of Major in the bushes a few rods distant. He couldn't see the dog, and Major's howls of distress came so thick and fast that Waterman rushed toward the spot, leaving his gun leaning against the log on which he had been sitting. The pointer

BUSINESS WITH SNAP TO IT. HOW A CHICAGO MERCHANT PUT IN A DAY IN NEW YORK.

Just What Me Did From the Time when He Breakfasted at the Aster House to when He Began to Breas for the Opera. Every day of the week business men from all parts of the country come to New York, rush around in frantic haste, go through eries of, more or less, interesting adventures, witness strange or ordinary incidents, and then disappear until a like occasion brings them back to us again. A Sun reporter, who observed the methods and experiences of one of these gentlemen, discovered that all the en-terprise in this country is not centred in the great metropolis, and learned at the same time that one need only dive into the interior of the big business districts of this town to bring to light some very interesting facts.

It was a mild curiosity to know something

about the ways of the country merchants in New York that led the reporter into accompanying one of them on a day's journey through the business houses of the lower part of the city. The reporter is accustomed to active exercise, but it had been a long time since he had rushed as he had to rush that day, and now, although some days have passed, he has not yet entirely recovered from his fatigue. Up and down stairs, across crowded streets, through halls jammed with heavy boxes, through the muddy gutters of lanes filled with trucks, he was rushed at full steam, with a rest here and there to emphasize the speed.

The gentleman who thus wrought upon the reporter's feelings had arrived from Chicago the night before. As he is an excellent type of the shrewd, active Western merchant, it will be well to get a good idea of his personality before following in his footsteps. He was one inch less than six feet tail, very slender, and extremely rapid in all his movements. He had heavy brown eyebrows, sharp eyes of the same color, and a reddish brown beard, which he wore in the English fashion and trimmed moderately short. He was well dressed, although his trousers were less roomy than fashion de-mands, and were a silk hat. He smiled at the

erately short. He was well dressed, although his trousers were less roomy than fashion demands, and wore a silk hat. He smiled at the clerk of the Astor House when the latter asked how room 156 would do, and said he thought the floor above the parior would suit him better. When the reporter was shown up to his room a few minutes after he had taken posession of it he had already unpacked what was necessary for immediate use, and was running his eyes carefully over his memoranda for the next day's business.

"Certainly, I have no objection if you want to come along and see how I do business," he said, when the reporter had explained his errand. "You can call me Mr. Johnson, if you like. That's near enough to the truth to be a complete disguise."

The following morning the reporter sent his card up to Mr. Johnson at 7% o'clock. The day clerk had just come on duty, and was yawning painfully at the thought of the work he had before him. Was Mr. Johnson in? the reporter asked. Oh. yes, he had gone through a pile of letters, eaten his breakfast, had his boots polished, and was now glencing heartily through The SUN in the reading room. As the reporter had left Mr. Johnson at 1 A. M. writing letters, he was a little surprised to hear of his early rising, but before the day had passed he was almost convinced that the Chicago merchant must be made of steel, and impelled by some recent mechanism to ceaseless activity. It was 8% A. M. when they left the Astor House on their way to Duane street.

"Now, this man that I am going to see is a merchant with whom I have corresponded in regard to some leatherette papers," said Mr. Johnson. "I am a manufacturer of Christmas novelties, plush cases containing perfumes, tollet sets, and all that sort of things. These leatherette papers are used for covering albums, boxes, and so forth. He has been badly stuck on them because he has more than he can use, and they are going out of date. I have offered to take the lot off his hands at about 20 per cent, of what they cost him. It is a larg

proposition to him, and expect his reply every moment."

Mr. Johnson walked between the counters until he came to what looked like a lot of stamped leather cut into strips 2 by 3 feet. They were very handsome, some of the designs coutaining elaborate griffins, dragons, and other strange figures. Many of the strips were bronzed or silvered.

"See there," said Mr. Johnson loudly, "these are cheap leatherstres; that is, they are paper imitations of leather. They are going out of style. My friend here will lose heavily on them. He paid 19 per thousand for them, and would be glad to get \$4."

"Oh. but really, Mr. Johnson," interrupted the salesman in a deprecatory tone.

"These," said Mr. Johnson, not heeding the salesman, but pulling out a rail of leather that

a large quantity. He rushed through the books very ranidly, hardly stopping to glance at the individual designs. When he had finished he went up stairs to the second floor. The first clerk handed him over to the young man who had charge of the leather department.

Tell R., Whon I want to see some new leatherettee," Rr. Johnson said to the first clerk. I will be down in a moment to look at them.

A lot of bundles of skins were now thrown down before him and unrolled. The reporter could barely repress an exclamation of admiration. They were lizard skins in the most beautiful shades from the Nile green to the natural gray, The markings were perfect.

These are entirely new. the clerk said to Mr. Johnson. and are going to be very stylish. We are getting large importation orders for them.

Mr. Johnson stroked his chin reflectively. He picked out several shades and looked at them critically.

"Send me half a dozen of each," he said. "I want to make sample cases of them. If they make up well I will place an order for import with you."

When Mr. Johnson reached the lower floor he found Mr. Wilson waiting to show him the leathereties. They were beautiful and far superior in coloring to those shown in the first establishment. The colorings were exact imitations of metals, and the designs represented old casties and knights and horses in armor. One design was finished in gold and silver, another in silver and bronze. The man who was showing them was good natured, thick set, and wore spectacles. He looked more like a German professor than a business man. He spoke like a well-educated man. He was in his shirt sleeves. He was evidently in authority, as the other clerks kept coming to him and asking questions.

"Not 30, or 3 off. ten days," was the reply. Mr. Johnson looked a little surprised, but said nothing. He chose several designs, and then turned his attention to some job lots of colored papers, of which he bought some 50,000 sheets. It was now I o'clock, and he and the reporter stopped at a restaurant for lunch. They w

"Tou're the people I'm looking for," said Mr.
Johnson.
He ordered large quantities of different
things, and submitted numerous new designs
which he wanted made.
"If you make these goods to suit me at
reasonable terms," said Mr. Johnson, persuasively, "you will find me a good customer. I
buy lots of your goods, and buy them in large
orders. You do well by me and I'll do as much
for you."
Mr. Johnson now struck across Broadway to
Church street. At the corner of Church and
Leonard streets he stopped and looked around
puzzled.
"That's funny," he said at length." There Leonard streets he stopped and looked around puzzled.

"That's funny," he said at length. "There used to be a very big plush house here. It seems to be gone."

There was a new building in its place. Workmen were busy inside, but they knew nothing of the plush firm. Mr. Johnson and the reporter separated and inquired in the neighboring stores for the new address of the firm. Nobody knew it. Fully five minutes were spent in valnly seeking it. The city and business directories gave only the old address. and thus one of the biggest jobbing houses of New York, established for years, had apparently disappeared.

one of the biggest jobbing houses of New York, established for years, had apparently disappeared.

Cutting through Lispenard street Mr. Johnson now stopped in the warerooms of a big importer of tooth brushes, nail brushes, razors, and like articles. The head of the firm, whose face was seamed with lines of distrust, was very cool and offish in his manners. Mr. Johnson paid no attention to him, but looked carefully through his samples.

"That is a type of a certain kind of merchant," he&said when he had regained the street, "who is to be found everywhere. He is so atraid that his customers won't pay him that he is continually in hot water, and no one will buy of him unless compelled to. I am too much of a business man to allow my personal dislikes to interfere with my advantage, and I took pains to see whether there was anything in his stock which I could not get elsewhere. I am glad to say there was not, and am consequently relieved of the necessity of ordering from him."

The next stopping place was on Elizabeth street. A dingy office on the second floor was reached by a narrow flight of dirty stairs. A wooden partition divided the office from a workshop, whence could be heard the noise of machinery in motion and a great clatter of hammering and filing. A brown-bearded German stood at a deak figuring. His manner betokened a calm, phlegmatic disposition. He did not even look up when Mr. Johnson and the reporter entered.

"There's a man you can't hurry." said Mr. Johnson, smiling.

Johnson, smiling.
When the German had finished with his accounts he walked slowly to the counter and

"How do you do, Hr. Johnson?"
Mr. Johnson was angry at the long wait and

OUR POLICE STOOL PIGEONS

ASSOCIATES OF CRIMINALS WHO BELL THE DETECTIVES.

They Praternise with Burglars and Pichpockets and Are Bepended Upon to Give Tips on the Siy for Pay from the City.

To those who are unfamiliar with the myateries and intricacies of criminal life in New York it has always been a bit remarkable that personal property stolen from prominent or influential personages is returned almost as soon as the loss can be made known. A few years ago Thurlow Weed, whose acquaintance in political circles was as general as that of any man of his day, had the misfortune to have his man of his day, had the misioriume to nave nis watch stolen. Three hours after he had reported his loss at Police Headquarters it was "turned up," and the same evening he had it back in his pocket. Politicians, clersymen, editors, city officials, and visitors from other places who suffer the loss of their valuables, can, in the generality of cases, get them back interested desprottion of the article. That such a condition of things should exist reveals a phase of police arrangement which is quite imperfectly understood. The men who "turn up" the stolen proporty which must of necessity and at any cost be recovered are the body, and whose relations with the police department are both intimate and confidential. Any person who on a Sunday atternoon, a Saturday night, or on an ordinary folding, has wasked the "up on one of the thickir populated as First or Tenth avenue, or through the lower Bowery, or Park street, or Washington, Albany, Scammel—has not failed to notice groupe of young men or half-grown boys lottering about some corner, and apparently most concerned these persons are young workingmen, who are profitably employed on other occasions, but who stand around to talk and smoke in times like these because they have nothing better to do. But, mixed un with these, and so mixed an number of unruly and lawless characters who have no regular means of livelihood, but who profess to be either expressmen, barkeesers, collectors, or truckmen, working occasionally, and at odd times, at those pursuits, but does not not a surface of necessity, render shall services, for the time idle, they gain the equality and lawless characters who have no regular means of livelihood, but who profess to be either expressmen, barkeesers, collectors, or truckmen, working occasionally, and at odd times, at those pursuits, but of the time idle, they gain the equality and they gain the equality for just such characters, the error of necessity, render shall services, for which have been properly when they gain and the propers of the police,

services better the present of the control of the c

of "stool pigeons" that much evidence is to taffined which would otherwise be who ly maccessible, and wineners any one reads a sut this or that important politicish sierzy and or jurist getting back a water given him is commemoration of some event, or a pin which he values highly, he may be sure that the swift recovery of what is lost is due to some unsuspected "stool pigeon" who he might have seen lottering with the thief on some corner a few minutes before the robbery—and, perhaps, a few minutes after it, too.